CAUGET A SUCKER.

came and then I saw that I was not in it. Col.

ifth infantry.
"It was a great country in those days, and

every way a young man would turn he was liable to learn something. I learned a great deal in a short space of time. Everybody seemed bent upon educating me. The united efforts of the entire community resulted in

success. When I came east, toward the close

The Fifes at Brandywine.

Most Cordially Inscribed to the Daughters of th

of the war, my eye teeth were cut.'

The British and Continentals met

The battle rages in dreams again,

The waters their music hush

As they into the torrent rush.

Our bluecoats hold their own: The wrath of strife by the river's banks

Turns the softest heart to stone. As we fife so fine At the Brandywine.

The bullets fly like a summer storm

And quick into line our infantry form. Their muskets a blaze of light,

As our fifes combine At the Brandywine.

At the Brandywine.

Fifing "Auld Lang Syne"

-DAVID GRAHAM ADRE.

At the Brandywine.

Yarrow Farm, Laurel, Md., August 16, 1891. They Handle Their Watches With Care.

One of the stories of the rapid rise and de cline of the cow baron owes authorship to Col.

Jim Britton. In the days when Texas had a

Abilene."
"Well," continued Jake, drawing on

his pocket, "here's a better one."
"Reckon not," said Jim. "What'd yours

you give for yours?"
"Cost me \$350," answered Jim, with a trium-

phant grim.

Jake was blue over the discovery that he

From the New York Times.
"These loose-fitting russet leather shoes

At the close of day, when the shadows fall

And the din of war is done, The fifes that our heroes to quarters call

Play a dirge for our brave ones gone,

Our chief with wounds in his saddle reels

As he brings up our heavy guns, While the scarlet column runs,

On the banks of the Brandywine.

And our fifes' firm rally inspires me yet, The boldest and flercest mine;

We fifers nine

At the Brandywine.

At the tides of blood that the greensward stain

At the Brandywine

The redcoats charge on our patriot ranks,

Written for The Evening Star.

MODERN VIDOCQS AT LARGE.

Detective Talent Running to Waste-The Mail Bag of the Secret Service-Postmaster General Wanamaker the Prey for Begging

Written for The Evening Star. THE RECENT LETTER FROM THE PRACtical joker or crank addressed to the Secretary of the Treasury, warning him that a "strong and determined band of men." led by the "King of the Tramps," had determined to raid the treasury, was regarded seriously, because it was referred through the official channels to the captain of the watch of the Treasury Department and the letter made public, but as a general thing such letters receive very little attention and the general public

"Crank letters" are as much a part of the regular routine of every department as are the printed forms and blanks which are necessary for properly carrying on the business. Every minister, head of bureau and chief clerk finds them in his mail. So do the President and other prominent public men. But heads of departments are the shining marks at which these people mostly level their artillery and of all departments the treasury receives the largest share. The treasury, of course, always suggests money, and there is something very attractive to the ordinary crank about vast and untold wealth.

WHERE CRANK MISSIVES GRAVITATE. And there is one office in the treasury to

which the majority of all these missives either come in the first instance or else are referred to it by other bureaus after the receiver has struggled to try and make out what the correspondent is driving at, for it is one of the peculiarities of that versatile genius, the crank, that he writes an almost undecipherable hand, and he is supremely indifferent to the rules of orthography and syntax, for which the ordinary mortal has a deferential respect. This office is that of the secret service. If only a very small percentage of the letters are to be relied upon, there is more detective talent running. pon, there is more detective talent running waste, especially in the west and south, than is possessed by the detective forces of all the great cities, and the amount of criminality

which evades the vigilance of the paid officers of the law is appalling to think of.

A representative of The Starspent an hour or so the other day in looking over the crank file in the secret service office. It is an amusing collection. There is one individual who is a frequent correspondent of the office, although he receives no encouragement, but it is one of the peculiarities of the class that they thrive without encouragement, and the fact that their without encouragement, and the fact that their letters are never answered makes no difference to them. This ingenious personage has a habit of sending to the office at almost regular interrals telegrams reading something like this: Chief Secret Service, Washington, D. C. 29, 3, 45, 7, 11, 2, 10.

Operator 39.

These dispatches come from various towns in These dispatches come from various towns in the south, and so far he has never considered it necessary to send the office a key of his remarkable cypher. Is "operator 39" a crank? Most people would say he is, and yet he may be a man who has a weakness for posing before certain people as a detective, and who wants to impress his greatness on his neighbors and acquaintances. It is wonderful how many men there are who have a fancy for this sort of thing. There are scorea of letters from men who write to the office saying they know of a great plot to flood the country with counterfeit money or commit some other specounterfeit money or commit some other spe-cies of villainy, which they will expose if the office will send them a commission and badge adge. In the proper dime novel at the crit-l juncture the detective always throws back coat when he has caught the villain redthe game been worth the candle. These would-be Vidocqs are gifted with a great and luxuriant imagination, but they are not equal

Another curious form of crankism is shown by one individual, whose imaginative powers must certainly be abnormally developed. He has a trick of writing letters to the office, which CHIEF OF THE SECRET SERVICE,

Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:

I arrived here this a. m. I am now very close up to my man. I find traces of him here, and it is evident that he must have a partner somewhere in this neighborhood. I have two men under suspicion and I shall watch both of them very closely. I think you had better send another operator here to help me. Let him leave at once. Tell him to inquire for Richard White, as I am registered by that name. I want a man who has nerve; we may have some hot work. This is a big thing and I have got the dots dead to rights. I have got the dots dead to rights.

Respectfully yours,

John Smith.

U. S. Secret Service Detective No. 14.

This letter might be written by a genuine secret service man. There have been several letters written from this man, all in about the same strain. When received they are numbered and laid to rest in the crank file and Mr. Smith is not even honored with a reply to reward him for his disinterested services, but as he is perfectly antisfied to carry on a cree as he is perfectly satisfied to carry on a one sided correspondence the fact that his communications go unanswered is apparently a matter of small moment to him. MR. WANAMAKER'S BEGGING CORRESPONDENTS

But if the crank letters are numerous the begging letters are legion. Appeals for money begging letters are legion. Appeals for money are what every public man expects. He is the legitimate prey of the striker, but of all of them Postmaster General Wanamaker, because of the reputation he has of being the richest man in the cabinet, receives more than his share. There is one striking thing about nearly all of these letters. They are full of cant. Nearly every writer tells the Postmaster General that if he will give him the loan for which he asks the Lord will pay it back to him, as if Mr. Wanamaker was expected to be charitable Mr. Wanamaker was expected to be charitable with the expectation of its paying a dividend. Here is a sample letter from a woman in Pennsylvania, with the spelling somewhat altered, in deference to a majority of THE STAR'S

"I thought I would sit down to let you know that I am destitute. I have no place to move. I have five little children. I would be thank-I have five little children. I would be thankful for a little assistance. I hope the Lord will reward you for it. He knows best. So now I will conclude, hoping to hear from you."

From reading these letters you are forced to the conclusion that we are a nation of beggars. Even the children have learned the art, and they employ just as much cant as their seniers. This letter speaks for itself:

"MR. WANAMAKER:

WANAMAKER: "Dear Sir—I am a boy fourteen years old living in the country and am going to the Academy and have to walk four miles every morning and noon or eight miles a day to school. I want to buy a Bicycle but haven't the money enough myself and I thought I would write to you and see what you would think about it. I, know you are a charitable man and would not miss money enough to buy a bicycle like the one I want. Now wont you please send me about \$25 and then I can buy the bicycle and ride to school. Your money will not be lost for God will bless you. My father is a staunch republican and Presbyterian and superintendent of Sabbath schools? Please answer this immediately whether favorable to me or not."

FRANK AND TO THE POINT.

PRANK AND TO THE POINT. While the raison d'etre of these letters always the same-money-they vary occasionally in the way the application is couched. The following, for instance, is refreshingly frank and right to the point: "Mr. WANAMAKER:

"DEAR SIR: I want to embark in the Clothin "DEAR SIR: I want to embark in the Clothing business am a young man twenty-five years old married am head salesman here and can give al recommendates as to honesty and capability of managing a store. I know a good thing for a stock of \$5,000 if you will back me and divide profits after expenses are paid out we can make 33% per cent and sell \$20,000 worth of Goods first year. I know every person in the county as I clerked there for four years. I have lots of friends there but not any that have enough

guarantee can make some money for both of us and it will be the means of starting me in business. As to getting the goods you can make all the arrangements yourself and any time you see that it is not going you can close the same down. Mr. Wanamaker if you can give me any encouragement will come to see you with iron clad recommendates and references. I am no fake but mean business and would like to have an interview."

ONE FROM MARYLAND But perhaps the following, which dates from Maryland, is as characteristic as any. With the exception of a few liberties taken with the

exception of a few liberties taken with the spelling the letter appears as written:

"Mr John Wanamaker, dear sir I take the time and pleasure to write you a few lines stating that I am well at this present time and hoping that when these few lines find you that they may find you the same also.

"Mr. Wanamaker I have met with bad luck this year. I thought that I was going to be lucky this time in paying for my land. I managed to sell a piece of it and pay on the mortingage and got the promise of longer time if I could pay another \$100 in strawberry time. At that time I thought I could do that with pleasure to look at my chances of berries but the frost came and killed my berries and I must have the hundred and they say they must have the money.

The Officer of the Day and His Distinguished.

Prisoner—Resorting to Severe Treatment—

We would Play Poker—Bill Skeggs on Top—

Playing Billiards With an Expert.

(I was ONLY NINETEEN YEARS OF age and held a lieutenant's commission in the fifth infantry when an event occurred which gave me a great deal of unsought notoriety, said a department official at the Press Club one evening this week. "Not only was the notoriety unsought, but it was exceedingly undesirable," he added, "for it almost made

any reply at all. And I have also written to President Harrison for the same and Mr. Morton and Mr. James G. Blaine and no reply from either one of them. I would have been glad to have received a reply from Enjamin Harrison and also from either one of you gentlemen but I don't suppose I will for this cause you can't risk it. It reminds me of the old man Johnny Rounds at home. home, the people always called him Uncle Johnny. He was a good old man I think for this cause; he told his folks when he was going to die and also shrouded himself and died in

prayer at his chair.

"He was in Salisbury one day not long before he died and asked a man to trust him for a pound of coffee and the man said that he could not do that and the old man said: 'How is it that you are afraid to trust me for a pound of coffee, while I am not afraid to trust God

for anything in this world."

"That is the great trouble with people they cannot risk, if they could they would be blest a many time in the sight of the God. I have no doubt of that indeed. "I am unlucky it seems to me in everything I undertake. I have studied history and politicians for fourteen years and never have been honored on the ticket yet, but I am going to approach our convention this time if nothing happens to me. I am a republican and noth-ing else, but a poor man is nothing in politics

in this country.

"Mr. Wanamaker, give my love to President Harrison and to Uncle James G. Biaine as we republicans call him here, we always call him Uncle Jim. This is all that I can say at this time, only I hope that you will answer this without fail and also send me a name for my daughter that was born May 4 and weighed twelve pounds before she was dressed. Please answer this. Yours truly." It is such letters as these which are the com-pensating joys of a cabinet minister's life.

WHAT WEEDS ARE LIKE. Why They Are Called Such and How It Le That They Come to Grow. 66 WHAT IS A WEED?" "It is a plant that man has found no

use for. If he should find use for it then it would be a weed no longer." This was the answer given to a STAR reporter by a wise man in the Agricultural Depart-

Many a weed of past times has risen to the dignity of a useful vegetable today. There is no telling that the most seemingly good-for-nothing sprout may not some day become a valued ddition to the garden. When man first began to till the soil be encountered obnoxious growths which did their best to crowd out what he desired to cultivate. Unfortunately such native enemies were not the only ones with which his crops were obliged to contend. In the process of exchanging commodities, such as grain, pests from other districts were imported and took accidental root. This is one of the penalties of the mutual intercourse of nations, that, handed and exposes his badge. Evidently just as there is an interchange of good things, these people think that no man is properly equipped as a detective unless he has a badge.

Some of these letters appear to be genuine and at times the office spends more or less time have been brought hither from abroad. They hatever ill they could do to the older acres.

SPREADING OF WEEDS. The conditions favorable for the spreading of weeds have increased with the development of the country. Some have been distributed by the country. Some have been distributed by "Did not your provost marshal know the country that carry seeds, others have been distributed by "Did not your provost marshal know the country that carry seeds, others have been distributed by the country." the country. Some have been distributed by the breezes that carry seeds, others have been conveyed by streams, others have been carried hither and thither in the stomachs of migrating birds, and in countless ways besides they have been scattered broadcast over the land. Their germs come and go in all directions like tramps catching rides on passing trains and in cherished bouquets gathered by the wavside and tenderly cared for by transcontinental tourists. In these and a thousand other ways varieties have been differentiated and distributed, the mere naming of which would occupy many columns of this newspaper. Their history is that of the wandering of innumerable plant offspring from their birthplaces. Those of them which excite attention are the ones that are so sturdy and prolific as to wage successful warfare against the plants for which man finds a profitable use.

deed, I had sincerely regretted the entire scene from the first."

"Did not your provost marshal know the justice?"

"No, he did not; otherwise the judge would never have been taken to the guard house, and I should not have had that disagreeable duty to perform. I have never been able to understand what motives actuated him in his obstinate refusal to give his name when such humiliation and painful punishment resulted from that refusal. It has always been something of a mystery to me."

"What did you think when he finally gave his name?"

A TREMENDOUS ROW.

"What did I think? Why, I thought there would be a tremendous row about it and that I should be fiauled over the coals for having done my duty. My soldiers of the guard were

many weeds, dangerous to the farmer's industry. possess beauties which recommend
them to keepers of gardens, and thus they are
propagated most dangerously.

Ordinarily, plants of all sorts depend upon
winds and the appetite of birds for their distribution. An exception to this rule is found in
the "tumble weeds" of the west, which dry up
into balls and are blown hither and thither
across the prairies. One species, said to have

From the London Globe.

It is not often that a nonentity is mistaken

It is not often that a nonentity is mistaken for a notability for several days. Yet that is what happened quite recently at a small watering place in upper Austria. All of a sudden the town was convulsed with the delightful intelligence that Girardi, the famous Vishnese comedian, was in its midst. A charity concert was in process of organization, and forthwith a deputation waited on the great man to solicit you know, replied an omniscient collengue, "that actors always let their beards grow in the holidays?" On the eventful night the concert room was packed to suffocation and a vigorous round of applause greeted the appearance of the famous actor. What followed may best be described in the words of the Vienna News: "Inscribed in the words of the Vienna News: "Instead of the excruciatingly funny song expected by the public Herr Girardi began a sentimental ditty in a very hourse tone of voice. This rather astonished the audience at first, but they rapidly came to the conclusion that it must be a first-rate imitation of some opera singer. The object of the mimicry they did not know, but they roared with laughter all the same." Girardi was encored and sang a romantic Italian aria, and once more the audience was convulsed at the subtlety of the imitation. Next morning it happened that the official visitors' list was published, from a perusal of which it appeared that, barring a certain Samuel Girardi, described as "merchant," nobody of that name was stopping in the town.

STORIES OF THE WEST

Mr. Skeggs drew from his pocket a handsome new deck. We played several hands and
I won them all. I guess that I was about 640
ahead when Mr. Skeggs stroked his whiskers
slowly, then arose and said: 'I've only got a
few dollars left, young man, and I can't play
any more with you. You are too many for me.'
I begged him to play just one more hand and
he reluctantly consented to do so. He dealt
and gave me four kingsand a jack. I discarded
and he gave me a queen. Then I immediately
jumped into the game with a \$20 gold
piece. Mr. Skeggs thoughtfully looked over
his hand, and was about to give up, when he
seemed to take a more hopeful view of his
holding and put up another twenty. I excitedly covered it and put up my entire pile,
winnings and all. Mr. Skeggs saw me and
called me. I showed up my four kings and a
queen and reached for that pretty little pile,
when Mr. Skeggs calmly shoved four aces before me and said: 'Young man, for once in my
life I have held a good hand, and I'm a winner.
But this game is too uncertain for me, and I
shall never play accin a long at I lim? A Government Official's Interesting Experiences in New Mexico.

HAVING HIS EYE TEETH CUT.

the money.

"Mr. Wanamaker I guess that it is useless to an old man of me in a single day. It was an approach you on any terms of borrowing any experience calculated to try the discipline and money for this cause. I have approached you before on the same subject and never received determination of character of any young

"What kind of an experience did you from | have?"

"I had merely a routine duty to perform, but it was exciting. The regiment was stationed at Santa Fe. N. M., and the department was under martial law. The war had just commenced and people were averse to obeying military orders, but they learned obedience very soon. It was ordered that no person should enter the city of Santa Fe nor depart from it without register-ing his name with the provoet marshal; the Santa Fe nor depart from it without registering his name with the provost marshal; the
order was positive and was rigidly enforced.
One afternoon, when I was officer of the day,
and, after having attended to my duties, was
lying down in my tent reading a book, an orderly reported that there was a man in the custody of the provost marshal who refused to
give his name. Putting aside my book I
donned my uniform and sash and proceeded to
the guard house.

A DISTINGUISHED LOORING STRANGED "There, in the midst of as tough a looking gang as one ever saw, stood a well-dressed. distinguished looking gentleman. When I asked him why he was in custody he informed me that he was under arrest because he had re-fused to give his name or to register with the provost marshal. When I politely requested nued to give his name or to register with the provost marshal. When I politely requested him to go with me and register he responded: 'You know me well enough and do not need to ask my name.' When I assured him that I had never seen him before and requested him to comply with the order under which I was acting he refused indignantly to do so. I then ordered the guards to take him to the flag staff. Upon arriving there I again begged him to be reasonable and give his name, but he obstinately refused to do so. Then I ordered the men to the him up by the thumbs. After leaving him in that position for three minutes he was let down and again remained obstinately silent. He was drawn up again, and after leaving him in that painful position nearly ten minutes he was let down, but scornfully declined to answer my most polite request to give me his name. I begged him to relieve me of the necessity of resorting to more force and to relieve himself of further humiliation and physical weight to the transment of the necessity of the second of the second of the necessity of the second o

lieve himself of further humiliation and phys lieve himself of further humiliation and physical pain, but he scorned me. There I was on the parade ground with that gentleman, who was manifestly of more than ordinary ability and consequence in the world; and in the presence of the regimental staff, I, a young officer, a mere strippling, and yet the officer of the day, was trying to compel him to give his name in accordance with the order of the commanding officer of the department. manding officer of the department.

HEROIC TREATMENT. "He remained stolidly silent, and then I ordered the guards to buck and gag him. It was a painful scene, which I shall never forget.

The soldiers did their duty, bound him in an uncomfortable position and gagged him so tightly that the blood ran from his mouth. That was more than I had intended to be done the first time, and it was more than I could bear to see, so I ordered his release. As he stood up, trembling with pain, passion and humiliation, he said: 'I am Joseph G. Knapp, chief justice of the supreme court of the territory of New Mexico.' I immediately ordered his release from custody and he returned to the Hotel Fonda, where he a painful scene, which I shall never forget. and he returned to the Hotel Fonda, where he had registered upon his arrival. His presence in Sante Fe was no secret and nearly everybody knew him. Therefore he may have reasoned that I knew him and was merely making a parade of my authority needlessly in asking him for his name and compelling him to give it. You may be very sure that I regretted the occurrence when I heard him announce his name, his title and his official standing, as, indeed. I had sincerely regretted the entire access.

warfare against the plants for which man finds a profitable use.

USEFUL FRIENDS AND BITTER FORS.

Many plants are useful friends under some circumstances and the bitterest of foes in others. Alfalfa, so valuable for forage purposes, is in some parts of the country a most annoying pest. Japan clover, accidentally introduced into South Carolina with imported goods, has become one of the most aggressive weeds of Florida. In the middle states the wild carrot and wild parsnip are well migh irrepressible. Both, escaping from the garden, occasion the greatest bother. They travel in baled hay and take root anywhere. A dangerous weed has appeared lately in thewest, which is readily domesticated in neglected streets and grounds of cities, thus keeping close to the lines of railway, by which it travels. Another vile plant has been spread widely in Michigan by the timerant threshing machine. Unhappily, many weeds, dangerous to the farmer's industry, possess beauties which recommend them to keepers of gardens, and thus they are propagated most dangerously.

Ordinarily, plants of all sorts depend upon

into balls and are blown hither and thither across the prairies. One species, said to have been brought into Dakota by the Russians and for that reason known as "Russian cactus," is reported to form balls as large as houses, which roll before the storm for long distances and thus distribute their kind. Wonderful accounts are given of the dangers encountered by prairie travelers in trying to avoid these rolling vegetable masses. Jake was blue over the discovery that he didn't own the costliest watch in Abilene. He stood holding the now despised chronometer in his hand and looking at it. Bracing up after a few moments he said: "There ain't much difference between 'em. But I'll bet I can throw mine further than you can yours." Everybody laughed and looked at Jim. The latter was not to be bluffed. Quick as a flash he replied: "I'll just go you one on that." The crowd went into the rocky street. A 'scratch was drawn. It was agreed that the man who threw his watch furthest should have what was left of both watches. They threw, and the fellow who won led the way back into the exchange and set up the drinks. arrest. Col. Carleton never asked an explanation from me, nor gave me an opportunity to
file any papers in the case. Therefore I was
under arrest for a month. It took about
two weeks in those days for a report
to go from Santa Fe to Washington and
two weeks for the return of an answer.
Had it not been for the presence of friends in
Washington I might have been put to considerable inconvenience, but I have no doubt
that an honest court-martial would have acquitted me of any charges and specifications
which might have been made and would have
commended me for having done my duty; just
as President Lincoln did."
"Did you ever meet with Judge Knapp afterthe exchange and set up the drinks.

"A few months afterward," said Col. Britton, concluding the narrative, "I was back in Abilene. I saw Jake and Jim. Each had a Waterbury, and when he pulled it out of his pocket he held it in both hands for fear it would drop on the floor and get hurt." "Did you ever meet with Judge Knapp after

"Several times, but we were never on speaking terms. He was not only a prominent official, a great jurist and a popular gentleman, but he was also one of the proprietors of the St. Louis Republican, now called The Republic. His influence was very great, and he was determined to exert it all to get even with the young officer who had thus humiliated him. But I have been informed that several years afterward he told an intimate friend that the fault was his own and that I had done right, under the circumstances.

big up-town store the other day. "You see, the summer shoes are so much more roomy than the ordinary shoes that the foot broadens, and when our customers, especially those who wear the summer shoes all the season, come to get fitted with an ordinary shoe they wonder why we cannot fit them as easily as usual and why the size that used to fit them pinches and cramps their feet. We have to give some of our customers half a size larger, and those who like to have their feet look as small as possible protest that it is the fault of our stock, when it is of course the fault of their summer shoes. The low shoes that so many women wear in summer cause us more trouble even than the men's russet shoes. These low shoes, or ties, worn constantly dayalop the insteps and then of course it is very hard to get a shoe as small as the one the customer was in the habit of wearing. Then comes real trouble. It is hard to break the news to a young and pretty women that her foot has grown larger during the summer, and it is still harder to get her to believe that tramping over mountains and sauntering on the seashere in low shoes has given her a bigger instep."

ATTRACTIVE HOMES.

Getting Ready for the Fall and Winter Decorations.

AN AIR OF NEWNESS

This Can Be Secured by the Exercise of Is genuity and Without Great Expense-Som Practical Suggestions in This Direction Which May Be Utilized With Good Results. Written for The Evening Star.

But this game is too uncertain for me, and I shall never play again as long as I live. MANY PEOPLE ARE PLANNING, AND others already doing, the work that the autumn season generally makes neces "So saying, Mr. Skeggs arose, poured my sary in every house—that is, repairs and good gold into his pocket and strolled toward little alterations. A new paper on one room the coach. I also strolled. The conductor fresh curtains in another, a chair recovered came to me and said: 'Lieutenant, how much did you win?' When I told him that I had lost in a third, are some of the things in my entire fifty he smiled, walked over to Mr. Skeggs, then returned to me and handed back almost every housekeeper's outlook at this time. Although still rather early for the new my money, saying: 'You're entirely too fresh and want to play cards entirely too much. That styles in such matters, one often has ideas best suited to individual needs, regardless of parentleman over there is Bill Skeggs, the most otorious gambler in this country. He travels bout over the various trails looking for suckers; ticular fashions, so that waiting is not a necessity, and time may be saved by about over the various trails looking for suckers; and he generally catches them, too."

"I played no more poker on that trip. I learned that my fellow-passengers had steadily refused to play poker during the first four days because they all knew Bill Skegge and would not sit in a game with him. But, as we rolled away over the prairie toward Leavenworth, the gentlemen played poker nearly all the time, but I would not play with them for fear of finding another Skeggs in their number. having things done now. Almost every room in a house may have some little touch of newness which will make it more inviting when wintry weather confines people more closely indoors, and often it is the inexpensive additions which add most to the attractiveness of

of finding another Skeggs in their number. One real good lesson is enough in that country, if it is hammered into a fellow hard and deep Some years ago I saw a guest room which was "The first week I spent in Santa Fe I learned mething about billiards. I used to beat all the boys in our eastern town and was considered quite a billiard sharp. Well, of course I found a billiard room in Santa Fe, and also found a nice, pleasant, quiet-looking young man to play with me. I could beat him, as was soon apparent, and then I discounted him. a cretonne of olive and dull blue with very large design, but also very conventional and so That was easy, too. As the crowd stood around the table applauding my brilliant plays I double discounted my subdued. A twelve-inch valance hung from this, edged with wide white linen lace in a bold, open pattern. Underneath the valance hung long curtains, falling to the floor, of the cretonne, which were run on a wire, and so easily pulled back and forth. Ordinarily these fell in full folds straight down, but when a fire was lighted in the grate beneath the mantel the curtains were slipped back a my time the entire room was interested in my phenomenal game, and I felt that I was making an impression. And I was. We started a fifth boy, you've been trying to play billiards with Charlie Thayer, the champion billiards of the west, and you will immediately proceed to order the champagne. And I paid for several quarts that night for my brother officers of the

but when a fire was lighted in the grate beneath the mantel the curtains were slipped back a little and then looped with bands of the same to hooks set on at the side of the chimney. They were caught far enough back so that there was no danger of their catching fire, and the appearance was very pretty whether they were looped or hanging.

The brass bed—much more of a novelty then then now—had a valance of the cretonne, and the short white spread, hanging over at the sides and foot, was edged with linen lace like that on the mantel. hat on the mantel

TREATMENT OF THE WINDOWS. The windows were very high, as was the room itself, and to give the effect of less height a valance twenty-seven inches wide, of less oily waiter, who seems to have noticed our trance. With our initial orders Charlie S

As I said before, several devices had been brought into use for the concealing of the white marble mantels, which the generosity of the builder had put into every room, so there was no escaping them-one could only deal

was no escaping them—one could only deal with them.

In one room, where an open fire was never used, a book case was made, low enough to fit in below the mantel shelf, and at each side the mantel was covered with a painted panel on a black ground, which was a favorite background then for flower pieces. One of the first overmantels I ever saw surmounted this rather complicated arrangement of ebonized wood like the book shelves, and on its irregular shelves were many beautiful ornaments and objects of ifiterest gathered in travels abroad, one thing I admired especially being two small groups of pillars, fac-similes of the columns of the Roman forum, in yellow marble, with black marble bases. I have wondered why more people do not bring such from Rome.

MOTHER-OF-PEARL NOW POPULAR. Jim Britton. In the days when Texas had a railroad commissionership, with only ornamental functions, Col. Britton was appointed to fill it. He discovered the lack of law to make the office in any way efficient and sent in his resignation, saying that he did not care to draw a salary for doing nothing There is not another instance of this kind of conscientiousness in the latter years of pie-eating in Texas. But while he was commissioner Col. Britton went out to Abilene. The time was the flush period of the cattlemen. Millionaires were thick. At one of the "Exchanges" of Abilene Col. Britton was a witness to a controversy be-

Col. Britton was a witness to a controversy between two of the new millionaires. These cattle barons had just returned from their first trips to New York, where they had gone to get rid of some of the cumbersome profits and to have a royal time. you've got there."

"Yes," replied Jim; "I got the ticker of a fellow in New York. I reckon it's the fines in cost?"
"Paid \$325 for her," said Jake. "What'd

large enough to show the photograph well, which in this case was rather larger than cabinet size, the frame being three inches wide. To cover this a piece of fine French crash (which is a cotton stuff), snitable in size, was covered with a flower pattern by means of transfer paper, and then the design was tinted in tapestry dyes, the flowers soft yellow, the leaves yellowish brown. A double strand of Japanese gold thread was then couched as an outline to all the pattern, the many sharp turns and curves making the beauty of it, as the gold caught the light in so many different directions. The embroidery was done on the square piece of crash, just wide enough to cover the frame, but without cutting out the center, leaving that for the framer to do when he mounted it; a glass and standard back were also added by him, and an odd and pretty frame was the outcome.

that are now worn so generally in summer time cause us lots of trouble," said a shoe clerk in a big up-town store the other day. "You see, the

WHEELING IN ENGLAND. What a Washington Bleydist Saw on the Way From London to the Continents

BESTAURANT-FROM LONDON TO PORTSMOUTH BY WHERL-BAMBLING ABOUT THE CHANNEL ISLANDS-AN ANCIENT CASTLE-ON TO FRANCE.

Special Correspondence of The Evening Star. St. Malo, France, August 1, 1891. abroad, is prone to brag of his own country, its superiorities and the advantages there, and it is seldom he sees elsewhere anything that cannot be equaled by something in his native land.

Americans have acquired such a reputation with Englishmen that every story that is regarded as of abnormal proportions is dubbed "an American tale." Yet we are appreciated. The funny things our humorists give to the world are treasured up and, in spite of the Englishman's proverbial want of acumen, are laughed over as heartily in England as in our own country. In a recent number of a popular English weekly we noticed a column of scraps of witticisms, scarcely one of which but was credited to som well-known American journal or periodical Our black-face minstrelsy, introduced by the old Christy's minstrels of years ago "afoh de wah," survives in the troupes of fantastically arrayed Britishers, who with a broad English accent and blackened faces sing plantation melodies and topical songs in the back streets of London to the accompaniment of banjos and guitars, bones and tambourines. LONDON THEATERS.

When you go to the London theaters you notice that everybody in what we would term the orchestra and the balcony or dress circle is in full dress; and that it is only in the pit, the arranged with more individual taste than was very generally displayed at that time and with excellent results. The house was one which was furnished with white marble mantels throughout, and as they were obnoxious to the lady, who had not had the pleasure of building her own house, she had taken advantage of various devices to conceal or otherwise mitigate them. In the room I sneak of she had had belt with more individual taste than was seats under the balcony or dress circle and in the gallery that ladies are privileged to wear their bonnets. But where the ladies are privileged in this respect the men are equally so, and the lords of creation may wear their head covering or remove it, as they please. Exclamations of "Bravo! bravo!" are seldem or never heard gate them. In the room I sneak of she had had various devices to conceal or otherwise mitigate them. In the room I speak of she had had a wide board laid over the shelf, covered with a cretonne of clive and dull blue with the room. There is usually a charge of 2 pence for a copy of the program, and probably you will be shown your seat by a pink-cheeked young girl clad in a well-fitted black dress, with a dainty white apron and just the cutest little scrap of a cap resting among her crimps and curis. The fee system in the London theaters received a death stab when Henry Irving, upon his return from his American tour a few years ago, put his foot down on it as it existed at the Lyceum Theater. We noticed that a number of other theaters, among them the Gniety the Opera theaters, among them the Gaiety, the Opera Comique and Terry's. are following suit, furnishing the programs free and by printed notices in the programs and by placards on the walls informing their patrons that there are "no fees." IN A STRAND RESTAURANT.

Let us look into a Strand restaurant for a

moment. After studying the bill of fare bulletined outside we venture in. The establishment, with frescoed walls, pillars, mirrors, &c., and so on, make considerable pretensions to elegance. Selecting a table in a retired portion of the room, we await the approach of an oily waiter, who seems to have noticed our enough height a valance twenty-seven inches wide, of lace-edged cretonne, hung straight across the top in long plaits. Under this were long muslin curtains embroidered in tambour work which had been brought from Switzerland, for it was several years earlier than tamboured muslin had made its reappearance in our shops. The long curtains were tied back with woven bands of white work, which were a novelty also.

A wicker table, wicker chairs and footstools, in all of which peaceck blue ribbons were run, made light and suitable furniture, while the carpet had a good deal of peaceck blue in it likewise. Peacock blue, I remember, was the popular color for furnishings and decorations just then, and every house with any pretensions to taste had it in at least one room.

THE MOST UNIQUE THING. popular color for furnishings and decorations just then, and every house with any pretensions to taste had it in at least one room.

THE MOST UNIQUE TRING.

The most unique thing in the room was the chiffonier, which, with the mirror above it, had been designed by an artist and made to order. The wood of the chiffonier was apple wood, very light, with scarcely any vellow tone The most unique thing in the room was the chiffonier, which, with the mirror above it, had been designed by an artist and made to order. The wood of the chiffonier was apple wood, very light, with scarcely any yellow tone to it; the shape and height were like a medium high, broad and deep bureau. Two small drawers were the receptacles nearest the top; then came doors, filling the space to the floor. A little good carving was on each door, which when opened showed shelves that drew out, so when the room was the chiffonier, which, with the mirror above it, heaves in sight through a swinging door. The chocolate is delivered. "Four pence, please." You are assessed for your liquid refreshments as ovpwards to the finals of the great river where Mr. Cole lives: And Machoactoke river where Mr. Cole lives: And so vpwards to the finals of the great river Pawtomake above the Necostins towne."—1st Hensings Statutes at Large, page 381.

This Mr. Cole was a great merchant and high hospitality was unbounded, many traditions of which survive to the present day. His last will and testament, found among the records of the county but hard to decipher owing to the lights one attention of the county by the door, and we could not be expected to know when the room is heated by when opened showed shelves that drew out so when opened showed shelves that drew out, so that the contents were easily brought into view and as easily rearranged. Above this on the wall hung a beveled glass mirror as large comes a time of reckoning, and Oily applies his mental arithmetic to the task of ascertaining our indebtedness. His result is four pence greater than ours. "Where this was very handsome, and the brass work brought that and the chiffonier, with its brass-railed top, into harmony with the bed, and they were different from anything I have ever seen elsewhere.

A small dressing room opened out of here, with tastionary wash stand, so the need of that piece of furniture was obviated in the bed room—a great advantage in the looks of a room generally.

SEVERAL DEVICES EMPLOYED.

As I said before, several devices had been

WHEELING FROM LONDON TO PORTEMOUTE. The ride by wheel from London to Portsmouth, England's great naval station, was not especially inspiring. We crossed what we believe are called the South Downs, though strictly speaking they have ups as well. Our most vivid recollections are of hills and dust, and that G——, for the second time in the history of the expedition, forgot the kodak, and for five long miles perspired and said words which could here be represented only by heavy dashes were we to repeat them, while he journeyed back to repair his omission. Where we now rode the silent steel horse a half century go stage coaches, as many as twenty-five a day, lumbered to and frobetween the metropolis and the channel, and where the coach passenger was once the prey of the inns along the route, we now see "The Good Intent," "The Joylal Sailor" and "The Jolly Drover" and all the rest striving to catch the cyclist's eve with "Accommodations for Cyclists," "Refreshments for Cyclists," Cyclists' Headquarters," Cyclists' Rest" or "Ginger Beer," the pet beverage of the English wheelman, all displayed in conspicuous places where he who rides may read. The ride by wheel from London to Ports-

After some years of disfavor mother-of-pearly the special property of the numerous little objects in silver which have been the rage so long one may see many pearl articles so pretty in design that the numerous little objects in silver which have been the rage so long one may see many pearl articles so pretty in design that the seem tha Southsea and at Ryde, kindly advised us, when we undertook to purchase tickets covering pier tolls and all, that it would be less expensive for us to pay the fare and pier tolls separately. We refrained from inquiring the precise purpose of their employment if this was the case.

By steamer from Ryde to Southampton we passed Osborne, on the isle, one of the royal palaces. "The kitchen is a fine place," remarked our friend the purser, contemplatively, and he smacked his lips at the recollection of some fine dahes he had sampled there, through the instrumentality of friends he said, at the expense of the crown.

BAMBLING ABOUT MESSY.

It is a great mistake most persons who so to

miles and look more entrancing at the end than she did at the beginning, in spite of the dust and heat. Hurrah for the Jersey girls, any-

CASTLE OF MOUNT ORGANIL.

At Gorey, on the southeastern coast of Island, is the castle of Mont Orgneil, a part of which dates from the Roman period and where which dates from the Roman period and where Charles II spent a portion of his exile. It is in an excellent state of preservation and a charming subject about which to weave a most thriling romance. The very window through which the heroine escaped from her persecutors might be located, and the precise spike indicated upon which the hero tore his trunk-hose and doublet in scaling the wall and all the other minuties some people like to know. An old minutie some people like to know. An old curfew bell hangs in its moss-grown belfry, its tongue rusted and silent. No more it tells the tongue rusted and silent. No more it tells the village of bedtime. No more it rings of war or wedding. Instead of men-at-arms, knights and ladies, it now looks down upon the pienicker, who, laden with lunch basket and sun shade, climbs the path to the outer gate, up the paved incline to the inner gate, and secends stone steps innumerable to the battlements overlooking the sea. It sees about it no more the implements of war—only the green turf and the wild flowers which grow rankly where in the good old days they durst not intrude. Truly time has wrought great not intrude. Truly time has wrought great changes, sighs the curfew bell of Mont

MISTAREN FOR DEVONSHIREMEN. We distinguish nationalities by their speech,

by what they wear, or by their habits, perhaps, but to be mistaken for Englishmen because we asked for bread and milk at a St. Helier's hotel was more than we expected. It was the land-lady herself and she received us with open arms at the mention of bread and milk. "You're from Devonshire, I know. Let's shake ands on it. That's my own native 'shire." Then she whisked off and on the strength of our supposed nativity brought in and introduced two young English ladies, while we stood around and blushed all the shades of red. At length we managed to explain that we were not Devonshiremen, nor, indeed, any 'shiremen, but Americans, and our hostess charged us a shiling apiece for our bread and milk. She said it was very ealing and just the thing for sys-lists, as she termed our genus.

Fortunately it didn't matter to the young inglish ladies whether we were Englishm

English ladies whether we were Englishmen or not. They were possessed of American spirits and were ont on a two-weeks tour by wheel, safety bicycles, alone and unattended; and as we all were bound for the same French port, and especially as they were members of the Cyclists' Touring Club, of which we are also members, we felt it our duty to take charge of them, in which arrangement they gracefully acquiesced. And so hand in hand we do. acquiesced. And so, hand in ha scended upon France.

AMONG MUSTY RECORDS.

August 19, 1891.

Curious Will and Epitaph of Famous Dick ce of The Evening Star. COLONIAL BEACH, WESTMORELAND COUNTY, VA.,

"Old King Cole was a merry old soul. A merry old soul was he."
NDEED, IT SEEMS THAT ALL THE COLE family were a jolly set, and for that matter now are, when we come to think of those we know. One of the pleasant jaunts from this interesting and popular summer resort is by steamer down the broad Potomac to Nominy river; a few hours' trip, cool and refreshing on a hot day as we could wish. From the placid waters, picturesque and classic shores of Nominy to Montrose, the county seat of Westmoreland is a short drive over a smooth road. Here among the moth-caten and musty records of the county, among the oldest in the commonwealth, through the courtesy of the venerable clerk we were permitted to see a green; leaf green, puce (deep) and rose gray; terra cotta, maroon and sage green; mareminiscence of one of the Cole family. Westmoreland was the first home of the Coles on this continent. The first mention of Westmoreland county is an act of the grand assembly of Virginia held in July, 1653, by which "It is ordered that the bounds of the county

blessed savior both body and soule at ye last trumpe will meet agains and be reunited and eternally glorified."

Then after bequeathing all his large landed estates and personal effects to his "well beloved wife," among which he enumerates "all my servants, Negroes and English of which I shall be possessed with at ye time of my death," he proceeds as follows:

"Item, It is my will and desire yt I may be interred uppon Poynt Plaisant uppon my

interred uppon Poynt Plaisant uppon my plantacon where I now live in a neate coffin of black walnutt if conveniently to be had and yt a grave stone of Black Marble be with all convenient speed sent for out of England with

CURIOUS EPITAPH. "Here lies Dick Cole a grievous sinner, That died a little before dinner, Yet hopes in heaven to find a place. To satiate his soul with grace.

before that meal. Dick Cole has passed into history, but, notwithstanding the provisions of his will that his grave be forever kept in repair, no one knows where he lies buried. This may be accounted for by the codicil to his will, which shows that his life was not altogether one of unallocated him and he without the contract of the

HOUSE DECORATIONS

ome Interesting Information About Colors

It was a great month-last month-for the decorative traders of America. The importers howed all their new fabrics from the European and American workshops and the immer variety was something bewildering to the eye of he average man, who, in a vague way, supposes that there are two kinds of lace curtains-Nottingham for the poor and Brussels for the

Muslin covers and bed sets are being brought out embroidered in white, red and blue cordlike figures. These sets include curtains, scarfs, tidies and mats.

A novel thing introduced recently in lace

curtains is Brussels of an amber hue, the embroidering being done in rich brown silk. This is decidedly different from the ordinary Brus-

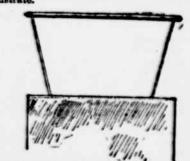


For years and years we have been hanging our curtains over poles fixed at the top of window on brackets. A clever scheme now is to put the pole about a foot below the top of the window and fill in the corners above with WALL-PAPER PRIFFS

We saw the other day an exceedingly good thing in wall-paper frieze. The design showed a shelf effect with a little colonial railing about it, relieved here and there by a realistic figure or placque pattern on the shelf. This came in an eighteen-inch wide frieze and in a variety of colorings, so that it could be applied to almos any wall paper. Nothing is more unsightly than the gaping

recess beneath a bed. In some houses they drape the bed clothes down to the floor, but drape the bed clothes down to the floor, but this is not always practical. A clever arrange-ment can be accomplished by looping along upon a curtain rod, beneath the bed, any light fabric like a cotton pongee. COLORS THAT GO WELL TOGETHER.

There is nothing that is so confusing as the selection of colors for a room. We have a room with red as a prevaling color and we are fluences. There is no scheme devised as yet to definitely dictate color combinations, so the nearest thing we can do is to suggest that amber, cream and blue or silver, lavender and terra cotta, maroon and sage green; maroon, bronze yellow and olive green (dark); bluish-green, violet and red-ochre; leaf-green, violet and salmon; apricot, crimson and gold-brown; red (normal), gold and blue (normal); lavender, turquoise and blue (deep). CONVENIENT WINDOW SHADES.



The shade is not tacked to the roller, which is usually the case, but is provided at the top with a bar of sheet iron as thin as the average cardboard and one-eighth of an inch thick, running the full width of the shade; cut two longths of tape, each a half inch wide and four feet long; tack one end of one piece of tape to the extreme left of the wooden roller and carry it down on a slight angle and fasten to the top of the shade; to this thin, firm top bar at a point about five inches from the left hand side adjust the other tape by a tack at the extreme right hand of the roller and carry it to the shade bar below, slightly inclined to the left, striking the bar as with the left hand tape about four inches from the end.



the mountain region back of Constantinoplins now. They are doing some rather shills bits of work and making a handsome penny.

Their modus operandi is unique and interesting. When they hear that a man of means within reach they send a few trusty and genth manly members of the band to his resident and politely invite him to spend a few weeks in the cool attitude of the mountain peaks.

He sees the point very much as Mms. of Stael saw the point which Talleyrand made a certain occasion. At the end of a very charming visit, during which he was profuse in the compliments, he bowed with courteen grace and remarked: "Madame, I hear that ye are to leave Paris at once." "Oh no," she replied, rather obtusely; "I have not dreamed in the such a thing." "But, madame," responds Talleyrand, "I hear on the best authority the de Stael recognized the fact that "the beauthority" was the order of Napoleon, a within the stipulated time she became or spictous by her absence.